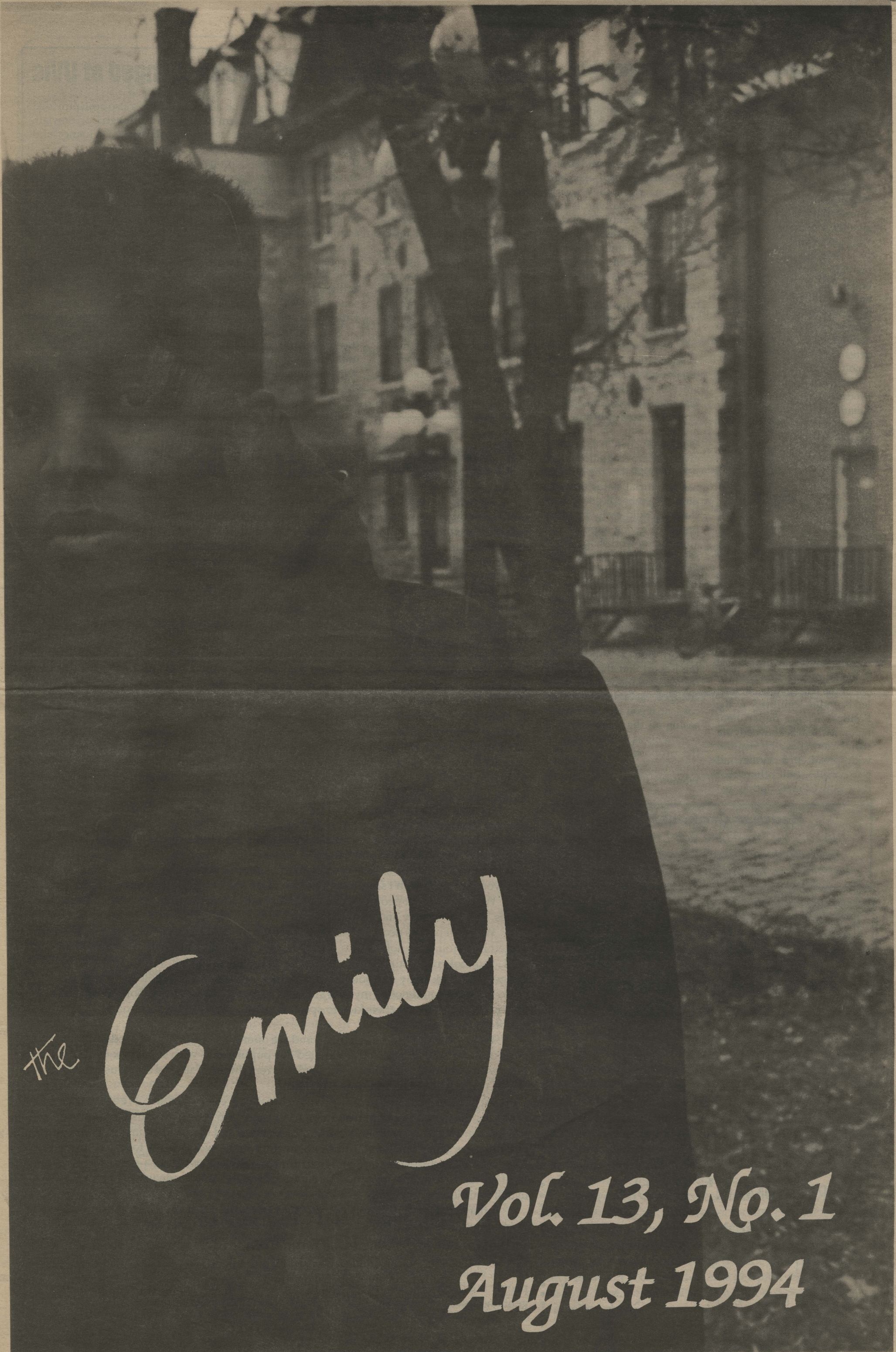


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ERO Committee offers advice

by Monique Cikaliuk

The Equal Rights and Opportunities Committee is working steadily to implement its proposed recommendations to the current Anti-Harassment Policy. Yet getting the proposed recommendations into action has been a time-consuming and, far too frequently, a personally exasperating situation.

Let me step back and provide a brief review. The Equal Rights and Opportunities Committee is a presidential advisory committee with representatives from diverse constituencies including students, staff, administrators and union members.

Throughout 1992-93 we conducted an extensive consultation with university members about the old policy and what worked well or needed an overhaul. We received submissions from all over campus, some praising the policy, and many others with suggestions for improvement. We met to discuss all the suggestions and we have created a series of proposed changes that the entire committee endorses.

The report is slowly winding its way through the campus bureaucracy and stirring up debate along the way. One of the proposed changes, the Chilly Climate clause, is coming under severe attack. Some administrators fear the use of the term 'chilly climate' lends undue legitimacy to the Political Science department report without acknowledging that the term has a history and widespread currency beyond our campus. Still others fear the Chilly Climate option that

allows respondents to file a complaint anonymously will be a violation of due process for the offender.

Yet in a review of the proposed recommendations, the Deans Council exercised the same right they would deny to anyone who is harassed - anonymity. Their identity is concealed as Member A, Member B, Member C, Member D and so on as they provided some reasonable feedback along with other comments which underscored the amount of work yet to be done at all levels on this campus.

In response to the recommendation to develop materials and workshops in conjunction with the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Alliance aimed at addressing homophobia and heterosexism on campus, Member E states "it appears to give special recognition to an Alliance which in my opinion has no official status on campus". Member E goes on to state "it could easily be interpreted as giving support and approval for workshops which actually promote certain alternative lifestyles".

Now fast forward to the present. Currently the Equal Rights and Opportunities Committee is meeting to draft clarifications on the original Report. But the substance of the Report and the proposed recommendations will not be changed - at least not with my consent. If you are interested in seeing all the Deans Council comments as well as a copy of the proposed recommendations, they are available at the Women's Centre.

Date rape and dating violence challenged at UVic

by Monique Cikaliuk

The Date Rape Dating Violence Education Project is a group dedicated to eliminating date rape and dating violence at UVic. The group provides public education to help people recognize date rape and dating violence in all its forms as well as to dispel myths about sexual assault.

Its approach is to plan and carry out a comprehensive campus education campaign designed to give students, staff and faculty the skills and tools to prevent date rape and dating violence, to recognize it when it happens, and to address the needs of survivors of sexual assault.

Currently the group is

designing a survey to be administered in the Fall term to students in Residence. Date Rape Dating Violence Education Project member Lorraine Stauffer notes the survey will provide valuable information about "the prevalence of sexual assault and sexual harassment on campus and to see how much people know about the resources available at UVic." As well the survey will address "how effective the resources are at UVic for dealing with sexual assault".

Financial assistance for the survey has been secured under the 'Stopping Violence Against Women' program by the Ministry of Women's Equality. Matching funds of

\$2700 have also been provided by UVic through Don Rowlett, Vice President, Finance and Operations.

In addition to the survey, the group is also planning an active Fall term education campaign. Volunteers are always welcome to help make this project a reality. Feel free to drop by the Women's Centre (SUB 146) for meeting times and dates.

The Facts:

- 75 to 80% of all sexual assaults occur between people who know each other
- approximately 1 in 10 sexual assaults is reported to the police
- only 1 in 100 date rapes are reported to the police

Commonwealth for whom?

As the Commonwealth Games approach, I can only think of a phrase I heard, but I don't remember the source. Commonwealth? What does this mean? Commonwealth for whom? Certainly not for First Nations across Canada. You may look at our artifacts in the stores with prices tourists are willing to pay. You might think we must live well because of the expensive prices on these artifacts. But, all of us are not artists. Some of us are struggling to survive.

I look around in these stores and see replicas of First Nations jewellery done in pewter. I see totem pole candles. It was funny to see the latter at first, but, then I felt hurt. I am positive First Nations people did not design these pewter, wax and sometimes plastic things that disguise themselves as Native art.

I now see non-native (read white) people who are using our unique designs in their "art." This hurts me very much. These designs are family crests and cannot be used by just anyone for their own benefit. I see white people getting rich off these Native designs they have stolen. And on the other hand, I see my people-young Native artists-struggling to make some money. I see my people poor and on Reserves. Some Reserves have no running water, no electricity, no heat in the homes. I'm sick of hearing people say, "How can you live like that?" As if we would choose to live in Third World conditions! It has been well over a year since conditions in Davis Inlet were brought to the public eye, yet this tribe is still in the same location and young people are still sniffing gasoline and trying to kill themselves because of their living conditions.

Occasionally, I feel lucky to be living in modern times. But, it doesn't sound like modern times when my people have to put up blockades to stop logging in ancient rainforests; or to prevent golf courses being planted on our ancient burial grounds. We have a right to our land. Our land is life to us.

My auntie Lavina says, "You non-native people ... have nothing to fear from us." And you don't. We won't scalp you. We won't take the money, lands, resources and drink it up. We're intelligent people. We're university educated. We know how to manage ourselves, and our money and our lands.

We are generous people. We like to share whatever we have with anyone who needs something. You have not been so generous. You just came and took. You took away our land. You took away our children. You took away our lifestyles. You took away our languages. You took away our potlatches. You took away our totem poles and masks.

English should not be my first and only language. When I was born it was fashionable for parents to raise their kids to speak English only. Now our languages are in danger of extinction.

When you came, we trusted you and we offered you gifts. We shared our food, our land, our riches. You came and decimated our populations with small pox infected blankets, with guns and with liquor. You took the remainder of us and stuck us on Reserves where you hoped we would slowly die out.

We are still here. We are still alive. We breathe, we eat, we think. We are. In this way I could almost think we have beaten you, but then I am fooled. Because you still control us. You control our world, our money, our resources and our land claims. You take us off our Reserves when you think it is fashionable. You show us off for tourists. You let us have a dance and song for you and your tourists. Perhaps we'll do a prayer. It is always hard for me to feel that this kind of performance is for my people when the non-natives usually outnumber the Natives. It is a show for you. Not me.

I may change my mind about things if I see my people being respected and well represented in society. I don't see First Nations represented in the media. I don't see First Nations people being interviewed for on-the-spot questions in newspapers. There is a large population of First Nations across Canada and yet I see only blonde, blue eyed babies, children, men, women in Canadian magazines. I may be biased, but I think my people are the most beautiful people in the world. We are beautiful enough, and intelligent enough to be represented in the media, in magazines and in newspapers.

We can handle more than being put on display for tourists. We could use some of your common wealth, but on our own terms. And not at the expense of our culture, customs, or our languages.

by Roberta Kennedy

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MAKING SPORT AND COLONIALISM AND

Editorial by Daywalegakwa

Sports don't kill, people do. Just like guns sorta, ain't it?

In the great big industry that is sports, media images of sport reveal clues for the racist/sexist ways our multinational society makes sport as a part of a colonialist/patriarchal structure. We see sports events and celebrities as glorified, romanticized, through a beer commercial haze. In this picture women are mostly decorative handmaidens to facilitate the sport of men. Only occasionally are they marginally depicted as athletes in their own right.

On the nightly news we see mostly male athletes and coaches talked about by male sportscasters. Male athletes become heroized celebrities. They are rewarded for being faster, rougher, tougher than the other guy. An analogy for the rewards to the conquistador.

Summer baseball movies are almost standard now. I think there are about a million this summer.

This mostly male centred industry is a big deal. Media is filled with sport stuff which does not benefit all of the population and may even be harmful to members of the population if it encourages the euro-colonialist game of competition, force, and conquest. In an industry where women are commonly exploited as sexual objects (cheerleaders) or handmaidens (waitress, wife) bringing beer, there is a brutal aftertaste.

The score for male sports stars/fans in violence against women is high. Superbowl Sunday is reportedly the biggest single day for domestic violence scores in North America. Fans defend sports stars who beat/kill their women partners. Fans whipped into a macho, nationalist frenzy of male pride and heroism start riots if their team wins or loses.

Are violent machismo and fierce competition the motivating values involved in the making of sport? Seems so. Is sport a microcosm of the way that patriarchal colonisers treat other races and cultures? What is football when you think about it, but beating up the other guy and taking his land? Comedian George Carlin called this the European game cause "that's

what we did to the Indians."

Cultures that are not so motivated by colonialist values make sport in a different way. Often as a part of ceremonial ritual or cooperative play. Is it because the colonialist countries of the commonwealth are such macho shitheads that we are subjected to sporting tyranny?

Should we maybe think about these issues before hosting this commonwealth games thing coming soon to a campus near you?

The games thing is more than just making sport. It is also a celebration of colonialism. There are racist elements at work as First Nations images and texts are appropriated to decorate this celebration. Are these trophies of conquest? What is obscured is the way that the treatment of First Nations as decorations or handmaidens for the games (similar to the way sport me-

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dia depicts women) is an example of power relations between oppressed and oppressor. The focus is on the buckskin and beads shucking and jiving happy oppressed Indian not on the role the commonwealth countries have played in exploiting First Nations resources and territories. This is the commonwealth heritage. A legacy of marginalization, exploitation in a setting of violence and competitiveness.

B.C. will no doubt stir up some fine international totempole envy with its highly organized local First Nations presence at the games. As the happy oppressed Indians dance and flag wave we are given a picture that everything is okay. Why aren't we focusing on the fact that there is nothing in common between the oppressed and the oppressors in terms of the wealth amassed by the coloniser in their rape of Turtle Island? Women and First Nations have been prevented from participating in sport-economy-politics contemporary sports media and the commonwealth games in the same way as they have in the history of the real world.

The picture of colonialism isn't just something from the past you know. Colonialism didn't just stop in the fifteen hundreds as processes of inequity and exploitation carry

on in most commonwealth countries as abos everywhere struggle for land rights and equality. It's really just the same as it ever was. As Janis Joplin noted, "It's all the same fucking day."

Treatment of First Nations in the games has prompted some local First Nations to "declare war" on the commonwealth games. One elder recently suggested that to take part in such a celebration was akin to First Nations telling the world that everything is A OK when really it isn't. I'm not going to explain why everything isn't okay for First Nations in Canada or B.C.. If you don't know that by now, I can't tell you. What I am saying here is there is a new twist to the A OK picture with First Nations themselves saying everything's okay. Celebrating colonialism is one thing, trotting out the Indians to decorate the celebration of their own oppression is another thing. For what is celebrated is current power relations of oppression. What is celebrated is the philosophy that oppression is okay. This not only says that unequal power relations are okay, it also reinforces them.

Will there be some good things from the games? Some street Indians are getting housing from it. Some downtown prostitutes will get to be regulated. Downtown strip clubs will feature international "dancers". Area economy will be stimulated, and so on. But there will still be unequal common wealth when this circus tears down and moves to the next town. There may be some public relations ploys to provide an appearance of benefits to Indians but when the last race is run and the last totem raised, the international side-show of colonialism and patriarchy and its role in sports events with economic inequality and genocide-based on brown skin and not having a dinky- will still be around.

I'm a brown woman who does not want to do the Uncle Sam assimilation tap dance if I can't do revolution. This is one Indian who will not dance at the orgy of patriarchal pride and prejudice that is the commonwealth games. Bend over for this celebration of colonialism? You first.

COMMONWEALTH TRIVIA

Q: Isn't the Commonwealth Games going to be the cultural and sports event of the decade for B.C.?

A: Yes it is. Other sport/culture events of note include: The 500 Year Dash to beat up the Indians and take their land away; The now you see it now you don't Political Freestyle Backslide on Vern's bench downtown, and the Smallpox Blanket Relay as B.C. Indians are given gifts bearing diseases and many die or go to other villages for help leaving "abandoned" territory to be snapped up by crown and/or corporate interests.

Q: Aren't the racist/sexist elements of sports events stupid?

A: Partly right. Actually they are pig fucking stupid beyond belief.

Q: Isn't it weird that UVIC would host a racist/sexist event like the Commonwealth Games and just act like everything's normal?

A: No. That is normal for them (as alleged in numerous media reports of racist/sexist incidents on campus).

Q: Why the feminist critique? Aren't there women athletes in the games?

A: I am critiquing ad, news, and entertainment media portrayal of women's participation in sports. The portrayal is male-centred and objectifies or marginalizes the participation of women. Sport in itself is not evil. Sport as constructed by patriarchal social relations is! Patriarchal goddess-worshipping cultures actually initiated the first big sports events. The first olympiad was actually a women-centred ritual of cooperation and friendly competition. These celebrations were constructed with the values of harmony, democracy, and respect for people and the earth. This is in contrast with the values of fierce competitiveness, rampant commercialization and violent machismo which appear to accompany more contemporary patriarchal sport events. This is not an indictment of all sporting events and participants, only of those patriarchal/colonialist few who exploit these for their own game and reinforce genocidal values and ruin it for everybody and other living things.

Q: Isn't Goddess-Worshipping stuff obscene, though?

A: Only at the Eaton's Centre in downtown Victoria. Apparently they are in agreement with Mayor (criss) Cross that a genitalia sculpture is somehow more obscene than worshipping a dead guy nailed to a crucifix or those stale biscuits at Marks n' Spencer.

Q: Who has been oppressed by commonwealth countries?

A: Women, First Nations of North and South Americas, Gypsies, Doukabors, Maouris, Aborigines, Black People, Sylvia Plath, etc.

Q: What has been exploited and appropriated by commonwealth countries?

A: Bauxite/aluminium, rubber, timber, uranium, cheap labour, ethnic texts and images, metals, children, land, water, air, agricultural produce, anything not nailed down (no offence, Christ).

Q: What can be done to let commonwealth countries know their behaviour is unacceptable?

A: Historically, resistance has taken the following forms (choose one): Torture, terrorism, lobbying for political change, working for change from within, celebrating the events of oppressed persons, trying not to sell out your own people at the first opportunity to be on a committee and get paid off, satire, social action, being a hermit, art, food, love, drugs, and subversion.

NOTHING-IN-COMMONWEALTH GAMES

HOW TO DEAL WITH HARASSMENT

by Monique Cikaliuk
Along with all the happy, glossy orientation material welcoming students to life at UVic, there is also a down side that far too many experience. Students are being subjected to harassment and sexual harassment at this campus.
In the annual report to the president for the twelve month period between September 1992-93, there were 336 complaints and reports of harassment and sexual harassment. Of this total 134 were complaints and concerns of sexual harassment and 202 were complaints about harassment. While the Anti-Harassment policy is being revised, students can still file complaints. But exactly what is harassment and sexual harassment? And what can you do if you are being harassed?

WHAT IS HARASSMENT?

Harassment is abusive, unfair, or demeaning treatment that interferes with performance or status. It can be directed to a person or a group. It is unjust behaviour which creates a hostile or intimidating working or educational environment. Here are some examples of harassment:
• racial, ethnic or homophobic comments or graffiti appears on your door
• you receive obscene or threatening phone calls
• a student or instructor hangs racist, homophobic or sexist posters and refuses to take them down
• a student, professor or teaching assistant regularly expresses hostility and disgust towards lesbians, gay males and bisexuals when you are present
• a student, professor or teaching assistant repeatedly belittles and degrades the racial or ethnic group to which you belong whenever you are present

WHAT IS SEXUAL HARASSMENT?

Sexual harassment is unwanted sexual attention, often with an underlying threat or coercion. UVic's Policy defines it as unwanted sexual advances, requests for sexual favours or other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature. It creates an intimidating, hostile or offensive learning or working environment.
Here are some examples of sexual harassment:
• a student or instructor hugs, pats or touches you in a sexual way that upsets you or makes you feel uncomfortable
• an instructor or teaching assistant offers you a better grade in return for sexual attention or implies your academic record will suffer if you refuse
• a student persistently asks you out, ignores your refusals, follows you and won't leave you alone
• an instructor, resident advisor, or student makes repeated sexual comments, asks questions of a sexual nature or uses crude, sexually oriented language

WHAT CAN YOU DO IF YOU ARE HARASSED?

If you think you are being harassed and a simple NO does not stop the offensive behaviour or you cannot say NO because of fear of the consequences, it is time to take action and get help.
• contact Susan Shaw, the Anti-Harassment Advisor at 721-7007 for confidential advice, counselling and information. Her office is in Sedgewick C, Room 159.
• don't deny it is happening. It won't go away and it may get worse.
• don't blame yourself; harassment is not your fault
• tell the person harassing you, clearly, firmly and directly, that their behaviour is offensive and you want it to stop immediately
• write down what is happening. Carefully document the dates, time, locations, witnesses and details of all incidents. This is useful if you want to file a complaint.
• remember you have the right to have a friend or advocate with you through all stages of the procedures if you file a complaint

You've all heard a great many stories this evening, a lot of history ... And I do want to thank first of all the Songhees and Esquimalt people for the land that we stand on today. And I also want to thank the ones who brought us here, to be able to build the bridges of understanding that are necessary.
Tonight I feel a great deal of pleasure in standing here before you, and telling you why I feel so pleased about being here before the Queen arrives, or whoever else is coming from the Royal family.
And I say that because, at the time we were being colonized, my grandfather who was Chief Charles Edenshaw, High Chief of the Haidas (and) his uncle before him, Chief Albert Edward Edenshaw- declared war on Victoria because of the way our people were being treated. And so, today, I don't mind telling you that I declare war on the Commonwealth Games. (Applause)
Because things haven't changed that much for us. And for our people to participate within the Commonwealth Games declares to the world that everything is fine with us, and that's not true.
My English name is Lavina White. My Haida name is Thow-Egelth. It means 'the sound of many copper shields.' It means that I have a great many responsibilities in my lineage. And I take those responsible very seriously.
I am not in agreement with the kind of treatying that's going on with our nation right now. And it's difficult, for I love my people. I feel responsible because the ones that I asked to join into the land issue are still there, and they've lost their way. Because we've always known that we are sovereign people. And that we must regain control of ALL of our lands, our resources and our lives.
And I want to tell the people that are non-native here, that you have nothing to fear from us. Because in spite of everything that's happened to us, our strongest philosophy still remains with us, which is of sharing. And that philosophy was what lost us our lands, our resources and our lives. We found no honour in the people that we have to make agreements with. They never honour their treaties. So I'm not in favour of a treaty. Until I see the time that the people that came here to our lands - and you can ask anyone how they got our lands, and I'd like to know the answers they give - you can ask them how they got to hold title to our land. Because we haven't lost our title. And we still retain our sovereignty. And by your own laws, you weren't supposed to come onto our lands without our consent. And we haven't given that consent.
As you've heard this evening, the highest laws of most native people are respect and consent. And we have bent over backwards to fit into the system. But there are two paradigms here. The native paradigm, and the invader's paradigm. And they're in direct conflict with each other. I don't know of any two different paradigms that could be so opposite from each other. It's been a difficult 90 years that we've lived in this province ... to see the destruction that goes on ... while our people still live in poverty.
The money that's gone off our island, I believe it's about 17% of the money that goes into the coffers of the government. But our people are still beggars and trespassers in their own lands. The barge that goes past our village 3 or 4 times a week, loaded with our forest to the tune of 3 or 4 million dollars each trip ... and we don't even have recreation areas for our children. Three little ones got lost last week. To amuse themselves, they went into the woods. They lost their way because it's all changed now - because of what's going on, on our lands. They got lost and they weren't found until seven in the morning.
And that's because we're being denied even what the whole country takes for granted. Things for our children. They don't have anything. There's no recreation for our young people. There's nothing for the little ones. There's no playgrounds.
We need many things and resources that are going off our island. The resources of the sea that's being depleted. The forest is being depleted. They intend to give us back empty lands.
And with people like yourselves, that have come here this evening, know we can count on you. Because you've been interested enough to come here. Write letters to the government about the things that we've talked to you about tonight, for it's only because your vote goes to them that they listen to you.
I gave up my Canadian citizenship because it was an imposed citizenship that I didn't want. And they told me that they would have to find a country that would take me. And said, I have a country. I'm a citizen of the Haida country. And I will always be a citizen of the Haida country.
"Canada" is made up of many Nations of native people. And they can't seem to get their minds around that. They lump us all together, and they think that we should all think alike and agree to whatever they impose on us. And when we speak different ways, then they say we disagree.
It's not that we're disagreeing. We ARE different nations, much as Europe is different nations. The Italians don't make decisions for the Greeks or any other European nations. So they can't expect us to make decisions for the other nations - the 26 nations of "British Columbia". We all have to make our own decisions as to what kind of government we intend to have for ourselves.
We have a bigger problem - of how we're going to co-exist. Not co-manage, because I know if we co-manage, the dependency that we have been conditioned to will continue. And non-native people will still govern us - and they'll make the decisions for us. But we must work out how we coexist. Because you are here. And we don't have enough timber left to make boats to send you all back. (Laughter)
So, we're going to have to talk about things like this, and I really expect the people that are here tonight. I really expect some support from you. We never have the dollars - the Hereditary people never have the dollars to go around and speak to people. Because only the elected, through the Department of Indian Affairs system, receive the dollars to go to meetings. Yes. There are some Hereditary people who have run for office, and they're amongst the chiefs. I ran for office one time, under the white man's rules and the election rules. And I became the head of our nation. The first woman in "Canada", of any first nations, to become head of our Nation.
It was a difficult time because of the conditioning to the European mindset within the boarding schools. And because of the Canadian laws - I had lost my rights. And because of the conditioning of my people that were in charge of things, the woman didn't hold the high honoured place she used to hold at one time. It was the matriarchs that made the decisions within the Haida culture. And it wasn't because they lorded it over the chiefs - because they had respect for each other. But the matriarchs of each Tribe are the ones who make the decisions. Our laws are ancient and unchangeable - and they govern us well. The kind of imposition that's going on now in regards to 'self-government' is unacceptable - for it will be up to each Nation to decide for themselves how we're going to govern ourselves.
We didn't need police. We never had police. For each family was responsible for the activities of each member of the family. And they were answerable for how their children, or any member of the family behaved themselves

Claiming Responsibility

In our educational way of life - the mother and father were not the teachers. The uncle and the aunt were the teachers. They taught you everything practical in life. Your grandfather and grandmother taught you philosophy and principles that you lived and worked by. So we had an order in our lives.
The original order of our country was beautiful. Now they talk about a New Order, which is scary. We don't want it. We don't want the global economy. We don't want the free trade. And we don't want the kind of justice system that's been imposed on us. We've felt what it's like to have no money and sit in your justice courts. For only those with money can buy their way out. And that's not the kind of system that we're used to, nor do we want it.
Our spirituality, or our religion, is the only one I know that is totally free from controls. We've been forced to look at many things throughout the world, such as religion, and most of the religions we see are for controls. I don't know of any other race that has the kind of philosophy that we have, because we have total freedom. And that's why I fight so hard.
I only wish that the rest of the people that came here could experience that freedom that I remember too well. It was beautiful. And I know that the ones that came here, came here because they were being denied justice in their own country. One way or another, you were being denied - or your ancestors were being denied. But what I can't understand is, when they got here, they imposed the same thing on us - when we showed nothing but the sharing that is our philosophy. I said we were very different Nations. All of us within "Canada" - we're different Nations. But we have a lot of commonalities. And that commonality of sharing was on this side of the world. All of the Nations had that same philosophy. And that's how we were able to lose control of this side of the world.
But I believe very strongly that same philosophy will win for us on this side of the world - for it must, if we are to save Mother Earth. The exploitation that goes on 24 hours a day in our forests, for instance - and the kind of policies that Fisheries have in regard to our seas - we're not going to have anything left.
And we won't be the only ones that suffer. For all people will suffer. But we will be the ones who survive, because we're used to having a tough time. The ones who have had a good life won't survive. And I would really like you to think about that. When Mother Nature finally has enough ... and whatever happens after that ... I know that the native people will survive. But I don't know about the rest of the world, and that worries us.
We've been here since the beginning of time. We have our stories that tell of the creation of the world. Raven was the symbol of the Creator, and I belong to the Raven clan. And I'm very proud to belong to the Raven clan, because the Raven IS the symbol of the Creator.
When Raven finished creating the world, he wandered out on one part of our land - Rose Spit, as it's called now - and we have a different name for it - and enticed mankind out of a clam shell. And that was the beginning of mankind.
We don't take that literally. It only means that the sea is our life-line. Where I live is an island, 80 miles offshore. And it is our responsibility to sea that the sea remains as it should.
But the things that have happened to it recently ... because there are people here who don't feel the roots that we have. And the destruction that goes on must come to an end at some point. If you care about your grandchildren, you will pass on that message from us. If you care about your future generations - and I know we all do.
You care about your children - we care about our children. But in caring, we must also care about the earth, which nurtures us. And I think those two messages that we've given you this evening - in regards to the environment, and then the other messages of support for our causes and our sovereignty - and I hope that you will pass it on to other people, and pass it on to the elected, and pass it around the world. For we do need your support. For we can all live on earth, in a very good way. And we can all live in this country, in a very good way.
We are the ones that know the language of the rivers. We know the language of the birds. We understood the raven when they spoke to us. When it was time to go to the river, we knew it. We knew everything about nature, as it should be understood. And yet we've been shunted aside in our own country, and we're invisible. Everything goes on AROUND us. They like our art forms. They like our philosophy. They like our lands and resources but not us. That has to change.
The indigenous people of this world must make the decisions on economics and environment, otherwise there's no turnaround. Right now there's a thing going on, there's going to be a meeting - a follow-up to Rio which is taking place in Beijing. I was supposed to be one of the ones (there). I don't think I can afford it.
And if only the money people get into the meeting in Beijing, nothing will change. If only money people make the decisions in this world, nothing will change. We, the native people, and the women of this world, are stuck in a patriarchal system that must change. Nothing changes in a patriarchal system for a woman, for children, for native people. And so I beg you to make changes within your system.
In our educational system, we're taught to use our minds. In your educational system, it's indoctrination - to fit you into a system that has been laid down for you. In our educational system we're taught, not in a classroom, but by practice. And I'm sure between the two systems we can work out one that works for all of us. So that we all feel at home when we're being taught.
The kind of system that's been imposed on us, where it says the rich people live well, and the rest live on the streets - it's not the kind of world we want. That is a world that's foreign to us. It's not the kind of world anyone wants.
The distribution of the wealth of this world - and I mean of the resources, not only the money - that's not our value system. But the world's value system is money. The distribution of the resources, so that there are no children that go hungry in this world, must come about. And it's a good place to start, right here in "British Columbia". We cannot destroy all of the forests. We can't destroy all of the seas resources. All of the buffalo were destroyed, and they thought if they got rid of the buffalo, that we would be gone. We'll always be here. Our roots are here. And we'll always be here. And we'll always care what happens to Mother Earth. Sovereignty in our way - is not for our power, it's not for prestige, and it's not for controls. Sovereignty is for responsibility, and that's the message we want to give you this evening - and I want to thank you for listening.
Lavina white speaking at The Voices of Indigenous Sovereignty Panel, Victoria, June 4, 1994.



Europe Supported by Africa and America
an engraving by W. Blake

Word Find

by Monique Cikaliuk

Can you find the following words in the puzzle. They are hidden forwards, backwards, up, down and diagonally. The first group of words are the basis for which no one should be harassed or discriminated against:

race
colour
ancestry
place of origin
nationality
religion
family status
marital status
physical disability
age
sex
sexual orientation
mental disability
criminal conviction

no means no
harassment
abusive
unfair
hostile
racial slurs
ethnic jokes
stalking
threat
coercion
stop
leering
sexist remarks
unwanted touching
intimidate
verbal insult

B O M A R I T A L S T A T U S Y O N
S R E T V E R B A L I N S U L T O N
T D N A F C I S T A L K I N G I U O
O P T N O M E A N S N O K L T L N I
P L A C E O F O R I G I N C S I W T
R C L E E R I N G E Y B I G E B A A
A H D S J B O F G I C V N O X A N T
C I I T B V L A Q N N E T R I S T N
I G S R A C E M U O A T I H S I E E
A N A Y H R N I C I T H M A T D D I
L O B M O X P L T G I N I R R L T R
S I I B S U A Y H I O I D A E A O O
L C L E T N B S R L N C A S M C U L
U R I K I F U T E E A J T S A I C A
R E T M L A S A A R L O E M R S H U
S O I P E I I T T X I K T E K Y I X
G C Y H D R V U E P T E O N S H N E
C O L O U R E S S B Y S B T O P G S

Women's Social

From July 22 to the 25 women from across the lower mainland and Vancouver Island joined together to discuss the Liberal Government's Social Policy Review.

There were various lectures, workshops and strategy sessions on the following topics: Education/youth, Self-government/existing policies, UIC/training/employment, women and pensions, the feminization of migration, women and poverty, child care and domestic workers, decoding the secret language of economics and social policy, how to write and use a brief, the far right's growing influence on Canada's political and social climate, power of oral herstories, looking at the long term, building links regionally and nationally, making our ideas visible.

"It is important for women to take an active role in opposing the social policy review be-

Flesh. Blood. and

by Allison Read

Arienne has a boyfriend. She knows she shouldn't call him that anymore, at her age. She had a boyfriend in grade nine, what she should have now is a partner. She hasn't yet managed to get that word to roll off her tongue. She feels pretentious when she thinks about trying. When she does speak of him she throws the word boyfriend around, casually and quickly hoping no one will notice much. His name is Paolo. Not Paul or even Paully. His name stands out. When he is introduced to people they inevitably ask where he is from. He says "I'm Italian," even though he was born in Canada, as was Arienne. His parents did not wish to blend. With Canadians anyway. In his own world, his parents community he is not a rarity. Men with names like Gianni, Carlo and Angelo, live the 'Canadian' life, but declare themselves to be Italian. 'Viva Italia'. It gets a little tiresome. This relentless, fervent nationalism for a far off country.

Arienne has been Paolo's girlfriend for nearly a year but she remains at a distance from his family. The Family. She is not unwelcome exactly, but there is the unspoken understanding that to be welcome, permanently, she must try harder to fit in. She is an oddity. A family gatherings she is always the tallest woman. In the summer, she'll will remain white or acquire a pinkish tinge, while Paolo's family will have a toasted brown look. Admirable maybe, but completely out of the question for Arienne.

Arienne is going there today. To Paolo's house, to a family gathering. His mother's domain, scary woman. She plays by rules completely unfamiliar to Arienne. Things are predictable enough at such gatherings though: guests will sit in a pre-arranged circle of fold-out chairs. Arienne knows the routine, and this is some comfort.

Paolo will be by to pick her up in ten minutes, Arienne thinks. He must always pick her up because it wouldn't really do to present herself to the room unaccompanied. It is both easier for Arienne and more comforting to his family for Paolo to guide her into the circle, seat her appropriately, present her.

He is here. Arienne can tell by the sound of the screeching tires tearing up her street, caused to by the flashy red sports car Paolo recently acquired. Another stereotype.

"You ready Arienne?," he shouts as he sticks his head in the door. "Why don't you just come in for a couple of minutes?," Arienne asks, or rather tells. This is part of the ritual, begging some time, putting off the inevitable.

"Come on Ari," getting annoyed now as he rarely does. He too has seen this before.

The most notable part of these family gatherings is the food. Long before Arienne had started going with Polo she had heard tales of the blessings of Italian fare. The legend chased their relationship, friends and family commenting on the 'great Italian food'

Arienne would eat as she became a part of Paolo's family. It had taken Arienne more than six months to uncover this myth: The food is not great, no better than any other, there is just so much of it, serving after serving, that positive, generous comment must be made simply to justify its existence.

The first five minutes of every such gathering is always filled with a profound sense of unease for Arienne. She is never sure of what she is to do, her duties, her role. She is a guest, but she is also a woman; this appears to fully qualify her for kitchen duty. Arienne knows that it would be best simply to offer herself up to the women in the kitchen, on a platter ready for dissection. The knives they wield are sharp. She should willingly insert herself openly into the mass of confusion and help, however clumsily.

It is impossible for her to do this. She can't bring herself to commit to the small hot room. She is afraid she will be tested in some cruelly creative way. Arienne is not kitchen savvy - she is fearful of being asked to chop, make, or create something, anything. She will fail such a test and this will be the cause of further gossip - worse, more hateful and venomous gossip than ignoring the kitchen and sitting in the living room could ever provoke. Fidgeting in the open doorway between the living room and the kitchen, she will shift from one foot to the other for a few minutes, slowly leaning towards safety, the end of the couch in the corner of the room, farthest from the central activity of the kitchen. With a vacant smile and look, Arienne can pretend to be ignorant of the fact that every woman but she is contributing to the kitchen.

She would rather be tested in dialogue, through the heated and passionate conversations conducted over TV.. trays and coffee tables. Arienne still holds out a glimmer of hope that this will happen, but she is learning finally that it will not be permitted. She is not invited into the conversations, ever, and offering her opinion is frowned upon, by women and men alike. This still confuses her, this complete lack of allies.

This evening, the Zias - Paolo's aunts - are talking about a cousin who committed the unforgivable: lived with a 'guy' - not a Catholic - and has now discovered she is six weeks pregnant. There is no real dialogue going on here, no opposing points of view being exchanged, simply a sharing of the horror, voices rising and falling in high-pitched waves. Arienne has tried hard to remember the names of Paolo's closer relatives, and has succeeded to some degree, but she has found she prefers to privately refer to this pool of women as the Zias. It is her way of exerting some control over them - everything about Paolo's family and culture eludes and alienates her. She likes calling them the Zias, they are immediately reduced to what she secretly feels they are - a group of hungry little lizards, basically harmless but capable of venom. Their sweet caring demeanour is a careful cover.

Gray Zia - the obvious leader of the group - is lament-

ing the shame of this doomed cousin's existence. So-named by Arienne because she is the oldest woman Arienne has ever seen, but defies her preconception of what an old woman should be. Gray Zia is neither grand motherly nor radical. She appears to Arienne to be completely devoid of wisdom; her incessant complaining masks all emotion and intelligence. Gray Zia is colourless: she is not an old woman who will wear purple; instead dull coloured clothing layers her body - black on brown on gray, skin, hair, eyes.

She is going on and on about the cousin, with every other woman in the small group nodding in agreement. Arienne feels it would be helpful for her to provide some hope, an alternative to the cousin's plight, and thus soothe Gray Zia somewhat.

"I'm wondering if she has thought about having an abortion," Arienne says neutrally, easily.

She is not an idiot, she knows Catholicism, as a religion, a doctrine, a complete way of life, does not condone abortion. She also knows the religion does not approve of premarital sex, birth control, and pornography. Yet she has seen enough Catholics of all ages partake in such named sins to think that they all bend the rules a little. And maybe they do, but appearances must be maintained, and in public 'we' are perfect.

The silence is palpable. Arienne feels that she can taste

Policy Review Conference

cause the cost will be offloaded to us," said Sunera Thobani, the president of NAC.

We need to realize that the system has not worked for women and we need to put forward proposals for change . . . to strengthen social programs, she said. This theme was reiterated throughout the week-end.

Anne McGrath, prairie organizer for Oxfam spoke of the changes occurring in Alberta. "Alberta is a radical experiment in reducing the role of the state in the provinces," she said.

Klein has done this by cutting spending. For example: 239 million dollars have been cut in education — next year there will be no kindergarten in Edmonton; cuts to ESL programs and resource teachers; 730 million dollars in cuts to healthcare and one third of social assistance has been cut.

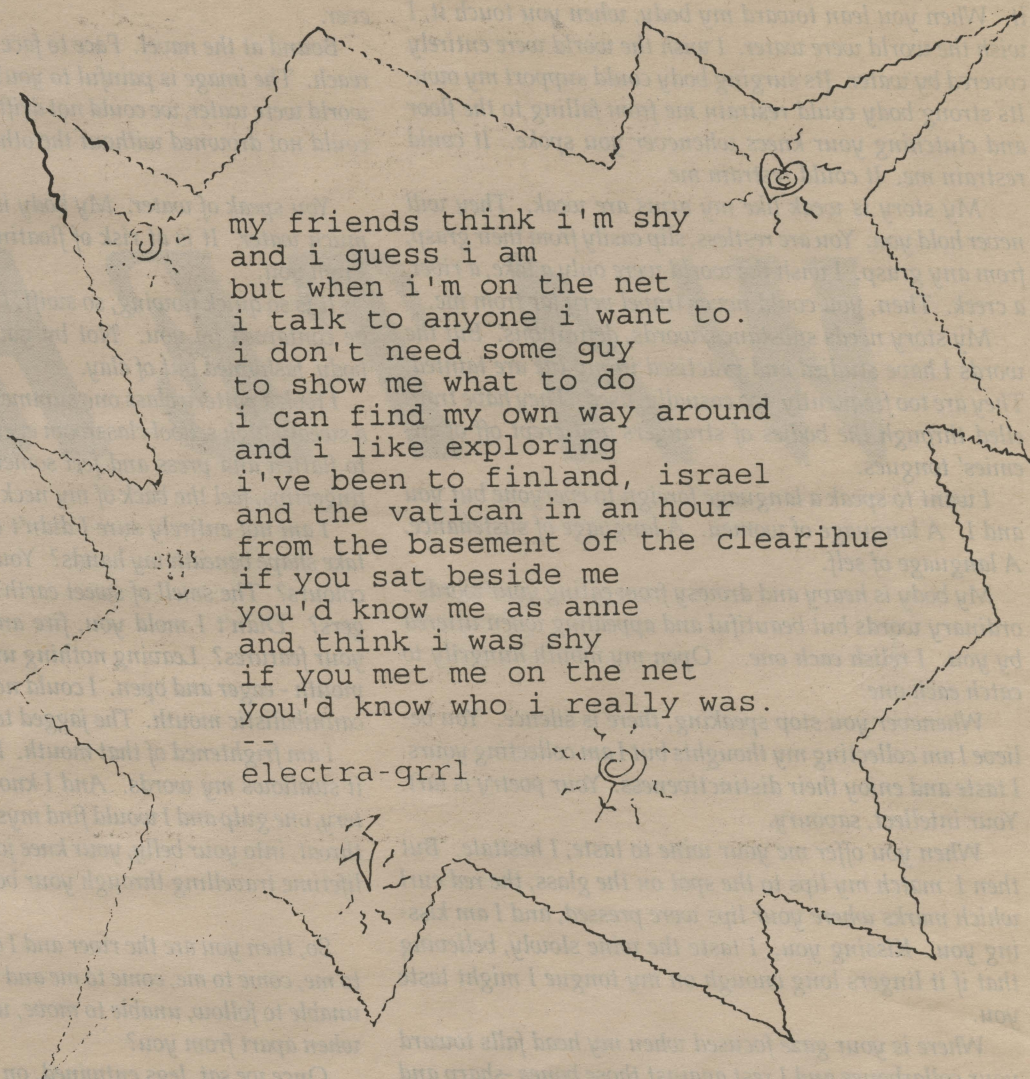
These cuts have a direct impact on women.

Because of these reforms (sic) the obvious has occurred - the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. It was pointed out that this year forty new millionaires were created in Calgary.

Klein has been able to create these reforms (sic) through creating scapegoats such as youth, the Alberta Human Rights Council and people on welfare. We need to change to recognize that 93 thousand profit making businesses did not pay taxes last year, said Sunera Thobani, "who are the real special interest groups?"

A report will be written outlining the recommendations which were developed at the conference. Hopefully the government will listen to its own mandate - that is, to listen to the people about Canada's social Programs.

by Ana Torres



my friends think i'm shy
and i guess i am
but when i'm on the net
i talk to anyone i want to.
i don't need some guy
to show me what to do
i can find my own way around
and i like exploring
i've been to finland, israel
and the vatican in an hour
from the basement of the clearihue
if you sat beside me
you'd know me as anne
and think i was shy
if you met me on the net
you'd know who i really was.

-- electra-grrl

those that aren't

it; she would spirit out if she could. It is acrid, bitter, and full of shame that will not be forgotten, forgiven. The four Zias stare at her wordlessly, stunned. Arienne feels herself turning a deep shade of red, uncontrollable and revealing. She desperately wishes Paolo would step in, support her in the view that she knows he too believes. But he doesn't. Again, the rules are different here. Everything is different. She is unable to defend her opinion, her suggestion; her silence has been guaranteed.

"Whatsa religion you are again? You, you, what did you say it was you are?" Big Zia barks sharply. She is confused, unsure how it is possible that Arienne could have slipped through the family's detectors for this long.

Arienne was asked this question on the first day of meeting Paolo's family, and every month since, so she knows they know the answer. It doesn't seem to register because ultimately the answer is not Catholic, and that is the only answer that matters.

"She's nothing, nothing, no religion," one Zia says to the others.

"Thatsa right, ahh, What can you do, you know" says the skinny, bony Zia Arienne cannot bring herself to be polite to. "No religion!?" Big Zia turns to Paolo, pleading with him beseechingly.

"She went to a Baptist church when she was small. She did go to Sunday school." Paolo

begins his well-rehearsed speech. "Her grandparents were missionaries, actually." He adds for a little extra weight. "She's nothing then. I see" Big Zia addresses the others.

They are once again immersed in their complaining, joyful sorrow. Arienne's suggestion has not been considered. It has not been viewed as a great offence. It has not been taken seriously, because Arienne is not taken seriously. She is nothing. Hopeless.

The Zias disappear, as does every other woman in the room excepting Arienne, into the kitchen, which gratefully signals the beginning of food. It is easy for Arienne to hide the fact that she is not talking, not even really listening, with a plate of grapes. She chooses and waits for the grapes, for two very good, well-thought out reasons: grapes take some work, some concentration— pluck, look, eat, and spit; and grapes can't make you fat, another worry of Arienne's that is magnified in the company of Paolo's family.

First out - for the trays of food are presented as proud creations, debutantes of the kitchen - are the meats and cheeses. It is obvious an extraordinary amount of work has gone into this production. Prosciutto rims the plate, created into a tube, spiked through with a tasseled toothpick. With all the orderliness of boy, girl, boy seating, only cheese can net circle the plate. Asiago, a crumbly yet powerfully strong cheese. A good partner for the prosciutto, a capable match. Crackers fill the centre of the platter, necessary to offset the possibility of wastefully eating the precious meat and cheese alone. Arienne knows this now — Paolo has told her his parents cannot stand to see someone eat meat and cheese without crackers or bread. Arienne does not understand this, but she is prepared to oblige on this point.

Both to be polite and to avoid conflict, Arienne takes a small amount from this tray. She can't stomach the fleshy blood-like taste of the prosciutto, but she takes some anyway, knowing she can slip it to Paolo when no one is watching. In the beginning, she would take only what she planned to eat, but it would cause such an uproar to not try everything - confusion and excitement — that she has learned it is less stressful to sample everything offered to her. The easy way out. All right with her as long as this compliance remains on a certain level, concerned with trivialities. She remains unwilling to give up on the big things, true divisions — her feminism, her education, her freedom. She is worried, however, that she won't be able to see the boundary when she first begins to approach it; if she give herself up on the little things, how much of her will still be there to fight for the big ones?

As the evening moves on, people begin to leave. First the families with the small children. Arienne hates to see them go — the non-judgmental playful fun she shares with the children is far more endurable than any conversation with the horribly loud and crass adults. She still clutches her fruit plate, of even greater

importance now as the creamy, fat laden pastries make their rounds. They take on an animate presence to Arienne, creaming to her all the mixed messages she has ever received. The Zias, Paolo's mother, and his cousins will not let her refuse the desserts. She knows from trying. Even while they innocently offer, they do not take anything for themselves. Different rules for different people, for women. They say coquettishly to one another, "Oh no, I'm watching my weight." The most strenuous protest comes from a cousin five feet tall and one hundred pounds a statistic Arienne is not allowed to forget, constant reminders served up.

Arienne wonders if they can even see her own five foot nine, 140 pound frame. She knows they can which is why she remains completely bewildered why they may politely refuse the desserts but Arienne must have at least two. Paranoia, or perhaps just biased reason, has her convinced that it is a conspiracy. Discussing fashion, Paolo's mother has said to Arienne that fitted shirts are made for small girls like Michelle, Paolo's cousin, and not for big girls like Arienne. Arienne hates this word 'big', they use it as they describe tall and strong, but there is no connotation of strength when they say it, only blame. Arienne has realized that if she were small and more delicately boned she would score fantastic points of approval with Paolo's mother and the Zias.

Arienne usually feels like throwing up after these family affairs. She usually does.

The evening has not brought her anything new. This is the true disappointment for Arienne. Nothing is changing. She struggled through the first few months with Paolo and his family, thinking things would get better. She was so willing to change then: to Paolo she would promise to be Catholic, to his mother she would hint that she would probably one day have babies and stay home to look after them. She was not so much willing, perhaps, to actually do these things, but willing to offer the possibility. As the months have gone on, she has shut off that piece of herself that was willing and kind. Again the rules have not been as she expected — 'do unto others', that old maxim has betrayed her. She feels as unwanted, as unwelcome and foreign, in Paolo's parents home as she ever did. They have never let a visit slip by without reminding her she is not what they wanted, not who they would have chosen had they been the ones to choose. Although she is not prepared to apologize for not being what they would like — for refusing Catholicism, for embracing feminism and education — she is humiliated by their rejection of her. She hurts more than she would ever have thought possible. Hurts more than she can explain. Hurts.

I want to tell you my story but it is weak. So weak. I am not convinced that it can survive any objectification. It is weak like my knees and my ankles are weak. It can not support the weight of me the way my knees and ankles can not support me when you lean toward my body or touch it. When you lean toward my body, when you touch it, I wish the world were water. I wish the world were entirely covered by water. Its surging body could support my own. Its strong body could restrain me from falling to the floor and clutching your knees whenever you spoke. It could restrain me. It could restrain me.

My story is weak like my arms are weak. They will never hold you. You are restless, slip easily from their grasp, from any grasp. I wish the world were only a lake, a river, a creek. Then, you could never travel very far from me.

My story needs substance, words, definitions. But the words I have studied and practised in my life are tainted. They are too frequently, too casually, used. They have travelled through the bodies of strangers and crept off of enemies' tongues.

I want to speak a language foreign to everyone but you and I. A language of women. A language of sustenance. A language of self.

My body is heavy and drowsy from eating your words - ordinary words but beautiful and appealing when uttered by you. I relish each one. Open my mouth hungrily to catch each one.

Whenever you stop speaking, there is silence. You believe I am collecting my thoughts but I am collecting yours. I taste and enjoy their distinctiveness. Your poetry is tart. Your intellect, savoury.

When you offer me your wine to taste, I hesitate. But then I match my lips to the spot on the glass, the red curl which marks where your lips were pressed, and I am kissing you. Kissing you. I taste the wine slowly, believing that if it lingers long enough on my tongue I might taste you.

Where is your gaze focused when my head falls toward your collarbones and I rest against those bones -sharp and strong- as I imagine your hips to be?

If you allow me , I will blaze a trail from your chest to your navel. I will rest my hands on your hipbones and I will circle that spot -gaping and raw- that you despise. I will love that spot although it is scarred from the lifetime you have spent tugging at it, pulling at it, trying to re-

move the chord dangling from it - the cord that bound you so closely to another woman you swore it would never happen again.

I will love that spot. I confess. I could spend a lifetime weaving a cord of our own creation to bind us closely forever.

Bound at the navel. Face to face. Always within arms' reach. The image is painful to you? But not to me. If the world were water, we could not drift from one another. One could not drown without the other.

You speak of water. My body is formed of entirely too much water. It is at risk of floating away. From myself. From you.

It is so quick flowing, so swift, I am not certain it could be contained by you. Not by your earthen body. Your body, fashioned out of clay.

I took a pottery class one summer. Cramped myself into a sweaty high school classroom every Thursday night, just to flatten and press and feel something solid beneath my fingertips, feel the back of my neck tense.

I am not entirely sure I didn't create you. Didn't you take shape beneath my hands? Your clay body? Your clay colours? The smell of sweet earth? The dirt on your fingers? Didn't I mold you, fire and glaze you? Impress your features? Leaving nothing unformed? Except your mouth - eager and open. I could never have created such a cannibalistic mouth. The jagged teeth. The sharp tongue.

I am frightened of that mouth. It could swallow me like it swallows my words. And I know I am so weak, so watery, one gulp and I would find myself plunging down your throat, into your belly, your knee joints. I would spend my lifetime travelling through your body. Wallowing in you.

So, then you are the river and I am the bank? You come to me, come to me, come to me and then go away? I am left unable to follow, unable to move, unable to grow anything when apart from you?

Once we sat, legs entwined, on the bank of a river. My hands clasped behind your head. Your hands holding my waist. Lips together and all around us - the rustle of a breeze enticing the reeds, the quiet smell of grass.

You said, "There is no better smell to accompany a kiss."

I sung you a song about love and a river and feet that glide away on ice skates.

You said, "Your lips are the river behind the house where I grew up. Frozen and rough but with two passages glassy and smooth enough to skate on. Two perfect icy patches that I could skate on. Effortlessly. Longingly."

I did not say anything in response, but I looked into your eyes. And you looked into mine.

From across the table, in the little cafe/bookstore, you clutched my fingers, searched my stare, said, "It wouldn't matter how long I looked, how much I tried, I could never see everything inside your mind. I could never know everything about you."

But I think you know me better than you suppose. And what you do not know, you do not need to know, do not wish to know, are not prepared to know.

You are not convinced? You need to know the world through my mind? You said, "There are things I cannot understand. What you see, how you feel, when you read me a passage from a book, a line from a poem. When you read to me about wedding feasts and saliva and lovers and soup - what do you see?"

I told you I could not see through your eyes, the eyes of an artist. How you break every feature, every shade, into components - I cannot comprehend.

"Your skin," you told me, "is not flesh coloured." You reached across the bed. "I would have to paint you in shades of yellow, shades of purple ... grey."

When we lay together on the bank of the river, in the grass, my head pushed against weeds of green, you brushed my hair from my face and said, "If I were to paint you, I wouldn't paint you against this backdrop. I wouldn't paint you into this scene. Don't take offence..."

"What would you paint me against", I asked. But what I did not ask was: What colour sheets, what walls, what earth must I lean, stand, spread against in order to maintain the shine, the glow, that attracts and holds you? This I did not ask.

But, you told me anyway. "I would paint you against something fiery, something bold, something red."

And now I think, yes, I too picture myself thrust against, emerging from, entering into, a desert.

Thirsting. Always thirsting.

by Shelley Marie Motz

diversiones

"HOW SHE PLAYED THE GAME" is a play about women who challenge and overcome barriers in the world of competitive sports. Written by Cynthia I. Cooper, directed by Clayton Jevne and starring Alison Boston, it is playing at Theatre Inconnu in Market Square from now until Sept.8th. There are matinees on Thursdays and evening performances on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:00pm. Call 380-1284 for reservations and ticket information.

WOMEN UNITE, TAKE BACK THE NIGHT: Join other women at 8:00pm on Sept.22nd in this annual march for women's justice. If you'd like to assist in co-ordinating the march, meetings are held by the Status of Women Action Group on Wednesday nights at 7:00pm. Also, contact S.W.A.G if you would like to act as a safety woman.

FALL FAIR, OCTOBER 5TH, 1994: The UVSS and the Wellness Committee will be sponsoring an information fair in the University Centre. The overall theme of the fair is wellness, whether it be of the individual or the environment. Programming will be provided on a variety of topics including recycling, breast cancer, eating disorders and date rape. While the nature of these topics is serious, guest speakers, videos and games will be used to introduce the information in an entertaining manner. Try your luck with Health Service's Safer Sex Dart Game.

BECAUSE THE NDP GOVERNMENT FREEZES TUITION FEES ONE YEAR AND ALLOWS THEM TO INCREASE THE NEXT TWO AND STILL CUTS STUDENT EMPLOYMENT FUNDING AND IF WOMEN CAN FIND A SUMMER JOB THE WAGES ARE SHITTY AND THEIR BOSS IS A PIG AND IF WE CAN AFFORD THE COST OF CHILD CARE THERE ARE NO SPACES AVAILABLE AND IF WE'RE POOR IT'S OKAY SINCE WE'RE JUST STUDENTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT HAS GONE UP FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS IN TWO YEARS AND MISOGYNY IN THE CLASSROOM IS WRITTEN OFF AS "ACADEMIC FREEDOM" AND WE QUESTION THE TRADITIONAL CURRICULUM THEY TELL US NOT TO MESS WITH THE CANON AND IF LESBIAN AND GAY STUDENTS ARE EXCLUDED, WELL THEY DESERVE IT AND FACULTY AND STAFF ARE TOLD THERE IS NO MONEY FOR PAY INCREASES UNTIL THE PRESIDENTS SALARY JUMPS OVER \$3700 PER WEEK AND IF A UNIVERSITY DEGREE MEANS NOTHING IN THE JOB MARKET YOU DIDN'T GET THE RIGHT DEGREE AND IF NATIVE CURRICULUM IS INCLUDED ITS NOTHING MORE THAN TOKENISM AND IF WE CLAIM THAT THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS IS A NON-ELECTED PATRONAGE POOL WE ARE TOLD ITS A DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION AND IF WOMEN ARE RAPED IN THEIR RESIDENCE ROOMS THEY MUST HAVE PROVOKED IT AND IF WE SAY EDUCATION IS A RIGHT THEY TELL US ITS A PRIVILEGE AND FOR LOTS OF OTHER REASONS:

Join social Issues student and social planning speakers Welcome Week of Wellcome

i am a part of the student movement at uvic

CALL 721-8366 AND ASK FOR TINA OR STACEY

SAFETY AND WELL-BEING RESOURCES AT UVIC

Anti-Harassment Office (721-7007)

- open to all students, faculty, staff and visitors
- provides information, counselling, and educational workshops
- confidential inquiries
- provides procedure for resolution of informal and formal complaints

UVic Women's Centre (721-8353)

- serves as a drop-in and meeting place for women on campus
 - offers resources and outreach on women's issues
 - lobbies for improvements to safety conditions on campus
- Wenlido (721-8353)
- offers women self-defence classes taught by trained women instructors

Lesbian Gay Bisexual Alliance

- serves as a drop-in and meeting place
- offers resources, advocacy, contacts and support

- check SUB General Office for meeting times

UVic Safe Walk Program (721-7599)

- provides a person trained in defence to walk you to your car, bike, bus stop or to another building, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week
- UVic Counselling Services (721-8341)
- provide counselling for personal and interpersonal issues
 - provide referrals if necessary

SAFETY AND WELL-BEING COMMUNITY RESOURCES

Women's Sexual Assault Centre (383-3232)

- 24 hour crisis line for women who have been sexually assaulted
- provides individual and group counselling
- provides accompaniment and emotional support at hospitals, police stations, and court hearings
- provides crisis counselling
- provides referral to other agencies, services or professionals

Status of Women Action Group (381-1012)

- provides referrals